

IRISH LEADERS.

Mr. PARNELL does not seem to have scored any very brilliant points by transferring his activity to Irish soil. The speech-making is attended with plenty of popular enthusiasm, but it is not all expended upon Mr. PARNELL.

MICHAEL DAVITT, fighting his way through a crowd like a gladiator and working for Ireland, not only with the powerful eloquence of his tongue but the also powerful persuasiveness of his arm, is a spectacle which illustrates the conditions under which vital political questions are canvassed in the Emerald Isle. He is tooth and nail against PARNELL, and long to meet him in an oratorical tilt. The friend of Mrs. O'SHEA declines such encounter.

If Mr. PARNELL got seriously blinded by lime thrown in his eyes there may be a slight reaction in his favor. But Mr. DAVITT was cracked on the head pretty sharply, so honors are easy. PARNELL is fighting for PARNELL now more than for Ireland, and his prestige is daily waning more.

It is not EVELYN, the stranger, nor GABRIEL BOMPARD, the courtesan, nor the manner of their crime, that causes the crowding of the Paris court-room for the trial of these two murderers is going on. The strange theory and mystery of hypnotic influence, set up in the defense of the accused woman, has caught the public at its most susceptible point.

One fine thing brought out by the Court of Inquiry over the loss of the *Serpent* is that the commander and the men died with consummate coolness. They bailed each other "good-bye" and sank like heroes in the seething flood. Whenever death is calmly faced it is a credit to the one who dies.

Mr. PLATT expresses an almost suspicious degree of delight over the idea that the New York Republicans mean to harmonize. He is apprehensive, however, lest Mr. MILLER find a discordant element in Mr. BILKINS, when it comes to keying up for the next gubernatorial campaign.

The early berth of a Dock Commissioner has been made softer yet. The indulgent Board of Apportionment has increased the salary from \$5,000 to \$5,000. It is a lovely port of refuge, the Snug Harbor of disgruntled politicians.

The Fassett Committee tackles the Fire Department again. It was commonly supposed that Commissioner PRINCE's extingisher had smothered the burning anger of the investigators at the last session of the Committee.

SHARP-NOSE, the swell Arapahoe chief, says the Indian cockiness is a bluff to get more to eat. If food will placate the terpsichorean redskin, why not feed him? Corn is a good compromise for healthy white men's blood.

SPOTLIGHTS.

The Ark was the first one-headed boat heard of.

It is very proper for a party "whip" to have a lot of "snaps."

Many a man is a great bowler so far as the bowling bowl is concerned.

The man who would not care for an income of a million because he only spends \$5,000 a year is a great and unique philosopher.

A fool and his money soon part, they say. Whether he spends or he loses it, but it's worth while being a fool anyway.

It is very easy to get some to part with.

The report that Joe Dougherty had a "skate" in New York cannot be construed as a libel on Joe's temperance.

Nothing but a taken a duck neck now.

When Joe Dougherty the white cowboy will have his name changed.

Young people are apt to think that old men are a nuisance.

A small barber is a little shaver, but a little shaver is often a great barberian.

WORLDLINGS.

A globe-trotter who has returned from a trip to Buenos Ayres, the Argentine capital, says that on Sunday when he was present at the races more than \$5,000,000 changed hands.

A negro named Caroline Jenkins, living near Houston, Tex., is a veritable hamster. Four police officers went to arrest her, when she took them one by one. Three threw them out of the house and locked the door upon them. She can break a half inch rope with ease by stretching it from hand to hand.

Miss Fordham, a well-known English bicycle rider, has ridden a safety wheel 1,900 miles, at the rate of 75 miles a day, and hopes to cover 2,000 miles before the season closes.

The first titled Englishwoman to become a landowner is Lady Wimborne, who has established a successful landowner on her husband's estate in Dorsetshire. The enterprise has been so well conducted that it yields the owner a profitable income.

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A Very Rank Joke.

Tom Allen—This imported cigar is smoking rather outwards, I think.

Jack Carter—Yes, as far as color goes, I guess it does.

Mr. Mackey (smoking)—I think to us only with this eye.

Miss Wambles (thrusting)—What do you think they give these glasses for spectacles?

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Boas Are Still in Fashion—How to Imitate Old Lace—A Cheap Dress—Ing Gown—Plain Dresses on the Street.

The fashion of the boa is by no means abandoned, though more boas of feathers are worn than of fur. Black, blue, green, and silver fox fur, and also silver fox fur, are all used for boas, and also silver fox fur. They cravat made of a sable or of a dark mink skin, its head mounted on one ear, and sometimes fitted with jeweled eyes, are still popular, and often a second animal is used as a garniture to the English tortoise worn by young ladies.



Christmas is coming, and the purse-proud shopper is abroad in the land. She is bold, fearless, long-suffered, and cruelly devoid of manners.

Perfectly plain dresses rule the street and the sensible women protest against the slightest extravagance.

Did you ever stop to admire the handsome dress-gowns which are often exhibited in the men's tailoring stores? I advise you have a well-filled purse all you can do to admire. Well, I have a clever friend who has just made one for a Christmas present, and she declares it cost her only a third of what they charge for them in the large shops. This is how she did it. She bought a pair of handsome silk stockings of medium weight. The gown was cut from these, binding it with rose silk and had buttons and cords made to match. Certainly the gown was very handsome, and when she informed me that she had enough material left for a long coat for herself I was the more impressed with the cleverness and economy of her scheme.

Our linen sheets, which are strong enough for bed linen, can be utilized to advantage for tea scarfs, bureau scarfs, or any of the covers which are necessary. This old linen is much finer than that bought for embroidery purposes and is much easier to work on.

By a clever manipulation even an ordinary quality of muslin-made lace can be turned up to look a close resemblance to the genuine article. If the pattern is good and thread not too coarse let the weaver go forth rejoicing. Use your head and do not trim with impunity, and even permit scrutiny, secure in the success of her imposture. Here is the recipe from the *Daily Free Press* for which hundreds of yards are satisfactorily treated every year. Make a satisfactory decoction of Galingale, yarrow, and when cold, use to tie the lace. Do not crush in wringer, but press with the hands until partially dry. Now spread on a clean ironing board, and be careful to separate the delicate points so that the pattern may be preserved. When dry a fine tea that will be reserved, leading the raw material a valuable tissue of yellowish antiquity.

Mr. Amelia E. Barr, who now divides her talents between the *Free Press* and the *Commonwealth*, is said to make more money than does the Chief Justice of the United States. She is the daughter of a Church of England clergyman and grew up and married across the sea. Upon their coming to America, the family settled in Texas. There yellow fever carried off the husband and son. Mrs. Barr came North and got a place as teacher. One day at a dinner party a man beside her said: "If you could write as you talk you might make a living by it." The result was a short story in the *Christian Union*. The Texas experience furnished the local color for "Hemlock and the Alamo," which, however, is far from being Mrs. Barr's best book. Indeed, the story is so burdened with history that it drags throughout, and in spots is distinctly tiresome. However, it sells, and the juggling of the guinea helps all sorts that may feel.

It Was No Use.

From *Men's Weekly*.

Groom to bride, as they arrive at their stopping place, after the ceremony—Now, hurry, hurry, don't let these people know we have been married.

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THE CLEANER.

Ivy is proverbially clinging, but that it can be successfully tempted from its original haven is a fact that has often been exemplified. At the present time there are three pretty ivy slips, full of sap and verdant, that spread their leaves in the sunshine of the American metropolis, and look very important, as they may well do. I saw the tender green sprigs last night at the home of Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, who brought them from England, from the grave of "Thackeray" in the Kensal Green cemetery. Just out of London, Mrs. Ayer asked the cemetery guard if the ivy might be taken with her a few of the living souvenirs that grow about the tomb of the author of "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes," and his consent was given. She took two and placed them in a bottle. On board the ship that brought her over the presence of the ivy was soon known. Each morning Mrs. Ayer was asked: "How is Thackeray?" Two of the slips have died, but three specimens of the clinging verdure are as healthy as ever. The idea is a charming one. It must have touched the great author himself.

I see that the New York Press Club has received that fashionable prankster, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, for its annual dinner at Delmonico's on the 17th of next month. Tickets are only 50c, but how much more is for Henry and how much for the menu is not stated.

Approximately the Fellowship Club, the other social organization of newspaper men, will have one of their triennial dinners this evening. This Club has already dined the great explorer. A very jolly time is always assured at a Fellowship dinner.

At the last symphony concert by Walter Damrosch a gentleman escorting two ladies was unexpectedly detained in the lobby. Not caring to keep the ladies waiting, he said quickly: "You go on and just go to H, will you?" There was an extraordinary moment on the part of the women for a moment. Then they gracefully moved off for Box H.

A good story is told of an artist in an uptown studio. He had given a friend a water-color which had taken a fancy. Before the friend had time to remove it a buyer came in, liked the picture, and bought it for \$50. The friend was mollified by the promise of a replica. But supposing he had claimed the \$50?

I see that Franklin W. Hopkins, the son-in-law of Banker Stephen V. White, and one of the most popular of the younger brokers on the Stock Exchange, is to be married to a daughter of the students at Yale College on investment securities. Mr. Hopkins graduated at Yale in the class of 1880, in which he distinguished himself as one of the finest of scholars, standing third in a class of 125. He is a constant and untiring student and the fact that he failed to take advantage of Yale sends him to the study of the law. He is a student of law, legal and medical professions; why should one not prepare an annual crop of able and enthusiastic young brokers? If there is any one who is able to give them cold and straight tips on the ways of the wicked and fascinating stock market it is surely Frank Hopkins.

People who go into Willie Vandenberg's dining-room are surprised to find it adorned by only one painting. But this one canvas is worth a gallery of less worthy pictures. It is a superb landscape.

At Macy's, the other day, in the midst of the jostling crowds of holiday shoppers, I saw what seemed likely at one moment to be a curious case of mobbing on the part of a score of infuriated women. A woman entered the store, dragging behind her, by one hand, a pale, weary wife of a child, who had apparently done about all the touring among the shops she was capable of on that day. The heavy swinging doors at the entrance of the store had just opened and she was entering the store. With an angry exclamation the woman jerked the child along, shaking her violently in the process. In an instant the pair became the centre of an angry throng of women, who forgot, for a moment, their own shopping interests in their indignation at the wife's treatment. A stout waiter quickly intervened, but by no means calmed the ruffled feelings of the participants in the scene.

The life of a trainman is not as hard as all that, at least, that is the opinion of one of the army of individuals who actually sit twelve times each day from one end of the city to the other. I had a talk with one of the Sixth avenue conductors yesterday, and he remarked that the public generally had an erroneous impression about their work. "Why," said he, "we carry over six a week and work only eight hours a day. Occasionally we get a day off, and as long as a man attends to his business his position is secure. Last year there were only two conductors discharged on the road, and they deserved all they got."

Burr McIntosh, the actor and good newspaper man, relates a funny anecdote. "About a year ago our company was delayed several hours at a little way station in Alabama near Birmingham. Several of the party, including one of the ladies, expressed a desire to pass away the time. There were absolutely no signs of civilization about the place excepting an old cow and a pig grazing quietly near by. But we hadn't been playing five minutes when a big burly fellow came along carrying a club and a nonpareil ax. 'You are all under arrest,' he roared. 'We thought he was joking and paid no attention to him until he repeated the remark, when one of the party called out to say: "Hats!" But the deputy sheriff, or whatever he was, wouldn't have it. He told me the same. He arrested us all, even the lady, although we protested that the game was for fun and not money, and took us before the "Mayor," who fined us \$1 each and then took on costs enough to make it like I got even with the Sheriff a few days later on our return by throwing a bottle of ink at a lawyer who was on our train."

Great Saving of Labor.

From *Life*.

Teacher—What was the most important event in the history of New York. George Garrison, you may answer.

George—The discovery of America, ma'am.

He Knows, Alas!

From *Men's Weekly*.

Beesie—He said he loved me.

Jeannie—He told me he loved me.

Beesie—He thought so. When I refused him he said he would do something desperate.

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STARS AND THEIR MANAGERS.

Notables Deserting Minstrelsy for Attractive White-Face Roles.

The Kendals Shrewdly Utilized by Bright Advertising Playwrights.

"Harry" Fagan deserts minstrelsy after the present season, to appear in white face in "A High Roller," the new spectacular farce comedy, which is to be presented by Messrs. Large Schenck and Company. Said Mr. Fagan yesterday: "It has been six years or more since I have appeared in white face, but 'A High Roller' has tempted me, and after this season with Cleveland's minstrelsy I leave burnt cork, as do several other well known minstrels. Large Schenck's farce, for instance, is to be with 'The City Directory.' Spectacular farce-comedy, I hear, will be all the rage next season."

Mr. Fagan is a wonderfully mediate-looking young fellow of the stage. He dresses quietly and not expensively, and talks with good deal of intelligence. He was at school in the West End of London with Henry E. Dixey and Ned Goodwin. He will play the leading part in "A High Roller," though he will not be regarded as a star. Preparations for the farce-comedy are already being made and upon a very close scale. The company will contain many good people. When it leaves New York it will not go "on tour," but will "act forth on